

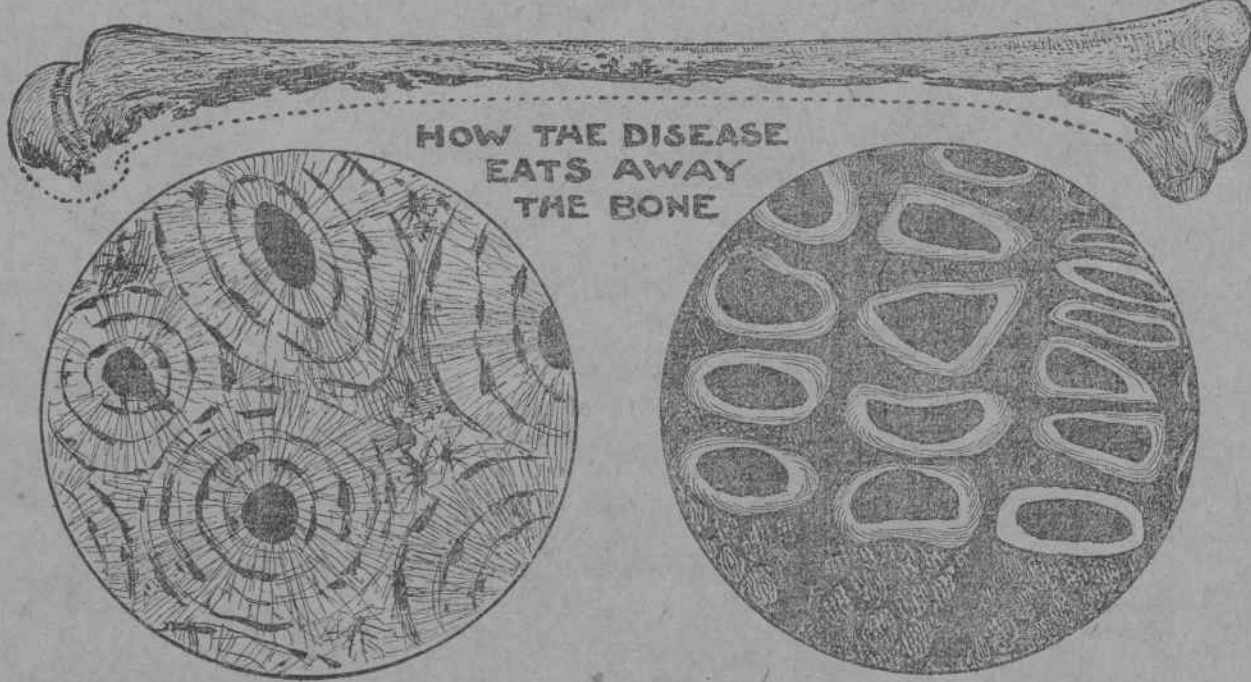
A THOROUGHLY AMAZING TRIUMPH OF MODERN SURGERY.

Alfred Taylor, Cut in Half, Lives and Works as an End-of-the-Century Marvel.



THIS IS TAYLOR. NOTICE THE PADDED SHOULDER.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 30.—One of the most remarkable surgical operations that has ever been attempted was successfully performed here the other day on Alfred Taylor, an English sailor, who at the present time runs an elevator in the Pennsylvania Hospital. His left arm has been amputated, his shoulder blade removed, his collar bone and left ribs cut away. Practically but one-half of the man remains, but yet Taylor still works hard, is quite active on his feet, and he says he



SECTION OF NATURAL BONE.

HOW IT LOOKS WHEN DISEASED.

English vessel, and after he was paid off he made up his mind to quit the sea.

Taylor secured a position with a printing house as driver, and in this capacity found it often necessary to lift heavy rolls of paper and boxes.

Being a man of unusual strength the work was comparatively easy to him, but after a few months he began to suffer from a sharp pain in his left arm near the shoulder. He gave the matter little thought at first, but finally the pain became so acute that he decided to consult a physician.

He went to the Polytechnic Hospital, where it was discovered he had a tumor on the shoulder, and it was removed. Almost immediately after his discharge from the hospital the growth returned, and he again sought the surgeons, but this time went to the Pennsylvania Hospital. Another operation was necessary, and Dr. Ashhurst removed a growth about the size of an egg. When a portion of the bone which had been removed with the tumor was examined it was found that the growth was a sarcoma.

Sarcoma of the bone—osteosarcoma, the surgeons call it—is one of the most dreadful diseases that can afflict man. It is practically cancer of the bone. Technically, it is said to be caused by too rapid and immature cell growth, but its actual cause is even yet very little understood. It is insidious in its onset, but once it has made sure of its ground it proceeds with a speed that is terrifying to its victim. It eats away both flesh and bone so quickly that the only known method of treatment is to cut away, as soon as possible not only the affected parts, but also all parts that lie near the seat of the sarcoma.

Two years passed before Taylor again suffered from the tumor. Meanwhile, however, the awful disease had attacked him in several places, and was rapidly strangling the vitals of his body. In May of last year his arm began to swell, and in a short time was twice its natural size. His friends advised him to go again to a hospital, and he decided on the Pennsylvania.

He was examined by Dr. Robert G. Le Conte, one of the visiting surgeons; Dr. Charles D. Hart and Dr. Francis J. Stewart, and it was their unanimous opinion that Taylor's disease was osteosarcoma. The tumor had attacked the shoulder blade, collar bone, the bones in his left arm and some of his ribs.

The almost fatal aspect of the case caused some hesitancy among the surgeons. To perform the operation might cause death. To allow the disease to develop further meant a certain death, and that in a very short time. There was a fighting chance, and Taylor, when it was offered him, accepted it.

"Go ahead and perform the operation," he said. "If it isn't successful my life will only be shorter by a little while."

For several days Taylor was put under a tonic to build up his system for the heroic operation. Finally he was placed on the operating table and etherized. For one and a quarter hours three surgeons worked over him. Dr. Le Conte, who performed the operation, first amputated the arm, then the shoulder blade was cut away. The collar bone followed. It seemed that little of the upper part of the patient would be left, for examination showed that the ribs also were diseased.

Not until the arm, shoulder blade, collar bone and ribs on the left side had all been removed were the surgeons able to stop.

Taylor was not allowed to regain consciousness for several hours after the operation. During the remainder of the day and night he was kept under anaesthetics.

Next morning, when he awoke, to the amazement of the doctors he asked for his breakfast and ate heartily of the little that was allowed him.

"When are you going to operate?" Le Conte asked, when he had finished the meal.

"We have operated," replied one of the surgeons.

"Well, I feel less pain in my left arm, and I can move the fingers," said Taylor.

This brought a smile from the surgeon, for the left arm and fingers that Taylor was talking about were being picked for anatomical specimens.

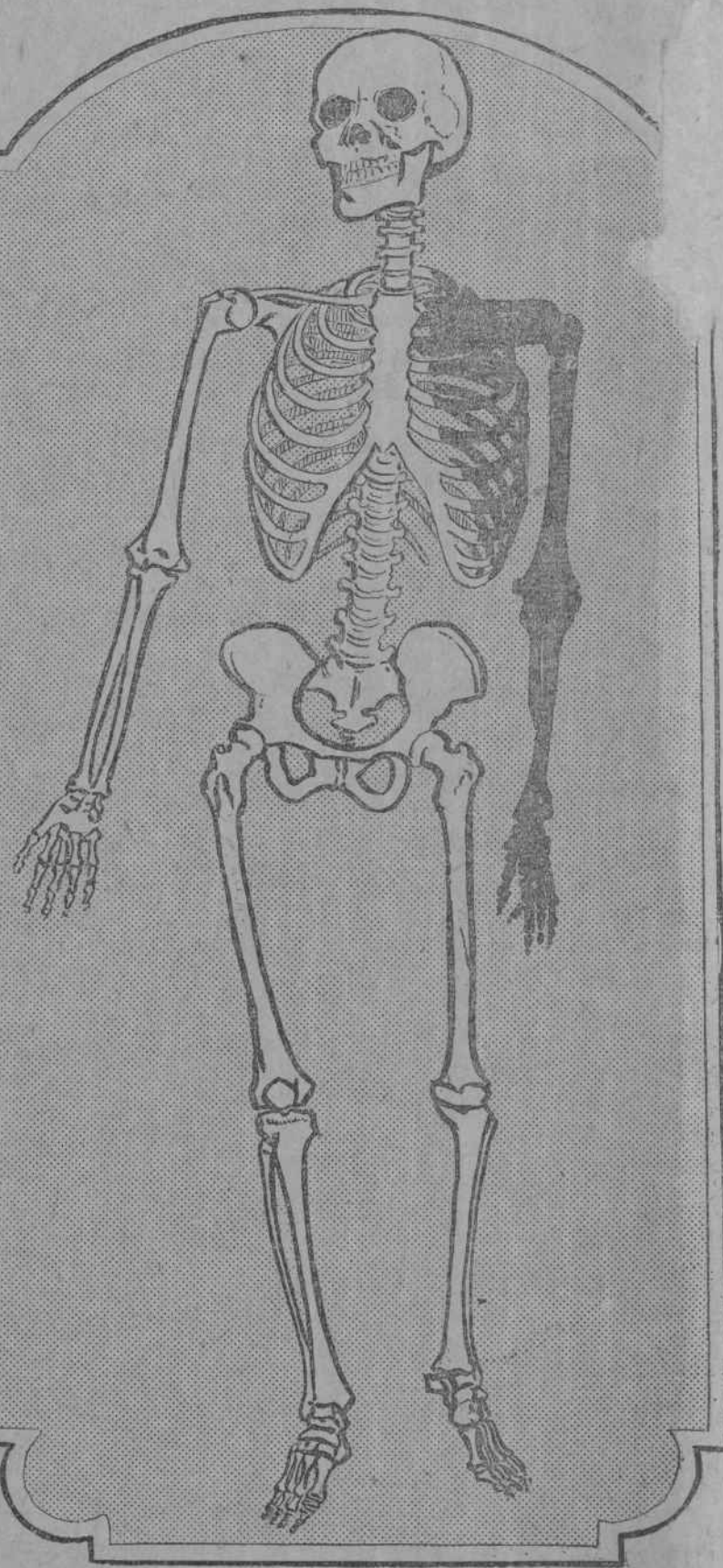
Taylor began to mend from the day of the operation, and in two weeks was able to sit up in bed. One day the nurse missed Taylor from his bed, and she rushed to the office to report his disappearance. A search was instituted and the gatekeeper questioned. He said that no one-armed man had passed him. The hospital grounds were searched, and finally Taylor, dressed in slippers and trousers, with a blanket over his shoulders, was found, sitting along the wall of the main building enjoying his pipe. No ill effects followed his adventure and he continued to recover rapidly. Finally he was pronounced well.

Then a new problem faced him. With his complete self, or when his anatomy was in fact, he knew he could earn his living. With over a third of his body gone, including one of his arms, he realized his helplessness. The hospital authorities, however, solved the problem. They employed him as elevator man.

Since the operation Taylor has been the subject of many lectures, and has been examined by over five hundred physicians. Even in Europe the case has excited interest, copies of the lectures describing the operation having been translated and sent to the Berlin University and the government universities of France, Russia and England.

In writing of the operation in the "Annals of Surgery" Dr. Le Conte says:

"At no time was any difficulty encountered. The exposure of the vessels was extensive and free and the dissection very easy. The cephalic vein was found empty, and in a small exposure of the first rib, lig into the main trunk at the first rib, would have been impossible to ligate the artery until after the veins had been dealt with. Three silk ligatures were required for the vein, one to the subclavian, one to the axillary and one to the cephalic, and the portions between divided. By ligating the artery and then clamping the limb before the vein was tied, a minimum of blood remained in the arm, and practically none was lost to the patient. The only liga-



THE BLACK PORTIONS OF THE SHOULDER SHOW THE PARTS THAT WERE AMPUTATED.

This operation is in the neighborhood of two hours, and on some occasions it has lasted as long as three and four hours. The patient was out of bed on the ninth day, and his recovery has been uneventful, except that a small portion of the outer portion of the flap has necrosed (probably from lack of blood supply, as there was no infection or rise of temperature). This is now healing by granulation. The shape of the remaining scar is almost like three radiating lines drawn 120 degrees apart."

500 American Cats, All Expansionists, Sail to Exterminate Filipino Rats.

THE United States transport Sumner will carry to Manila a cargo of enterprising American cats—the queerest cargo that a ship ever carried. They are all up-to-date, aggressive American cats. They are all expansionists. They are going to exterminate the Filipino rats.

It all grew out of a letter written by John Montgomery, a citizen of Manila, to Frederick W. Butler, a citizen of Newark. Mr. Montgomery had a conference with General Otis, and while his brain was still charged with memories of the conference he wrote:

"My Dear Fred—I am going to spring a surprise on General Otis, and I want you to help me. You see, the Government warehouses here are overrun with rats. It isn't stretching the matter at all to say there must be 1,500 of them in the building here, and they have teeth that can gnaw steel. The rats are eating the trunks out of house and home. General Otis was looking at the traps, which are very inferior affairs, and he said: 'I don't see what we can do to stop them. I wish we had some hungry American cats to open an engagement with them.'"

"I want you to ship 500 cats on the next transport that leaves New York. Enclosed find \$75. That ought to buy all the cats in Jersey. The transport officials will be glad to feed them, so that the army at this end can be fed."

"Try to get them off by the first of the year. Your old friend,

"JOHN MONTGOMERY."

Mr. Butler set to work at once. He inserted this advertisement in all the Newark papers.

WANTED—Five hundred full grown cats for the Philippine Islands. Deliver Friday and Saturday, 5 to 7 p. m. Price, 15 cents each. Call 103 Roosevelt ave., Newark, N. J.

Readers at first thought it a joke, but those who made a sortie upon the yellow cat in the alley and the gray cat on the back fence and carried their plunder to No. 103 Roosevelt avenue found that Frederick W. Butler was very much in earnest. He paid 15 cents apiece for the cats and asked no questions. There was but one requirement, that the cats be full grown. All kittens, no matter how cunning, were denied the privilege of a trip to the Philippines. It would require a large cat to successfully battle with the Filipino rodents.

Mr. Butler imprisoned the cats in the cellar and waited for more callers. They came space. Women brought pet cats in their arms. Men carried them in bags. Children in baskets. Every citizen of Newark, it would seem, came and brought a feline offering.

Many declined the proffered 15 cents and begged Mr. Butler to accept 50 cents in-

stead for taking their furry pests off their hands. Major-General Plume, of the National Guard of New Jersey, donated the Adams of the collection, a handsome gray warrior named Miles.

The cats accumulated in the cellar until there were 233 living in more or less blissful union. They asked and answered many questions about this unusual proceeding. So loud did the debate become that the angel of sleep left its station above Mr. Butler's bedposts and hasn't been seen since. All the rats and mice disappeared from the block and still the cats argued.

They discussed the Philippine question and the effete Spanish rats that were waiting there for them. Some of the more homeloving Toms said they were willing to make the trip because of the good feeding, but declared that they would be back in time for the first general Thomas symphony concert by moonlight in June. It would take two months to make the trip, they argued, and two months for the return. They could re-

duce the rat breed of Manila to a memory in six weeks, argued these zealous patriots, and the better spirits prevailed.

The debate over the music began. There were mingled solos and tangled duets and grand ensembles from 335 throats. The neighbors couldn't stand it. They went to the Mayor and complained of the vocal nuisance.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals read in a Newark paper the graphic account of a cat fight in Mr. Butler's cellar. The writer declared that

he was present and helped to collect four bushel baskets of fur as a souvenir of the battle, and the society sent an officer to reprimand Mr. Butler, and that unfortunate, but enterprising man removed the cats to an empty house in the lower part of Newark, where their number was later swelled to 500.

Meanwhile, his door bell was rung all day by bad little boys and good little girls and soft-hearted women. The bad little boys had a wicked glitter in their eyes. They had stolen pet cats in the hope of

clearing 15 cents by the transaction, fighting 'em when they arrive.

The good little girls and soft-hearted women had tears in their eyes. They had lost their pet cats and hoped to reclaim them.

The cats were taken to the transport and put aboard in crates. They will be accorded the liberty of the vessel twice a day for exercise. They will be fed raw beef and stale bread. There will be no milk. The Commissary Department does not include that beverage in its menu. Besides, milk is mild diet for warriors, and John Montgomery wants the cats to be in good

There will never be a cry of "Cut board!" for cats will not jump in water. If cats, prompted by too hot a rivalry, climb too far up a mast and become frightened there may call for a stepladder. The music waves will soften the shriller music of the crates.

Every precaution will be taken a civil war on board the transport, if arrival every peaceful injunction is lifted and the sibilant slogan of the quering army will be "Down with the pino rats!"

Why Our Jack Wears Wide Trousers.

WHY do sailors wear their trousers so wide at the bottom? The answer is simple. It may not be generally known that every sailor can make, mend or wash his own cloth. It is, nevertheless, a fact. Lord Beresford snuggly told a recent viewer that he had made lots of and jumpers.

Now, at one time every sailor British navy had sufficient cloth to make the articles in question, a bit left over for future repairs here came the difficulty. He was allowed to have any pockets. So, quite usually, he kept the repairing bit handy place, where it could not go. If he wanted to mend a hole in his trousers, he had to do so in a place where the trousers ends. It will be readily seen, that by the time the were altogether worn out, they came the same wide at the bottom, or, better, with the per-top shape.

Every sailor can make, mend or wash his own cloth. It is, nevertheless, a fact. Lord Beresford snuggly told a recent viewer that he had made lots of and jumpers.



A VIEW OF OUR BRAVE ARMY OF RAT-FIGHTERS ON THEIR WAY TO MANILA ON A UNITED STATES TRANSPORT (DRAWN FROM LIFE BY H. PRUETT SHARE.)